

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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ADDRESS.

THE LIKES OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE. THE LITERARY GAZETTE

is rather perplexed by the above head, which was promulgated by an Irish friend exclaiming, "The likes of the Literary Gazette! where, among all the periodicals that ever existed, now or hereafter, will ye find the likes of the Literary Gazette?" Upon which the Literary Gazette itself, "with infinite promptitude," replied, "None but himself can be his parallel;" and I will shew you the "likes" of the Literary Gazette.

Like as *Gibraltar*, a strong fortification, reckless of battering without, and garrisoned with honest hearts within, while other citadels and fortresses yield to time and the fortune of war, it proclaims itself a real pillar of Hercules; and bristling with defence, if attacked, and with offence, if provoked, shews at once what it is to be impregnable and everlasting.

Like as *the Britannia* (of 120 guns), heedless how the changeable wind blows, and breasting in her strength every wave and current, while carrying British power and intelligence to every quarter of the globe: it delights the lofty ship to see the little trading crafts and coasting vessels pursue their small adventures, when a smuggler appears to leave the chance to the revenue cruisers, and to let even pirates shift for themselves, if they do not come under her guns in their miserable course of violating the law of nations.

Like as *a pyramid*, which rose in its own style, while yet there was nothing similar on the face of the earth, and which yet remains imperishable and great, "the admired of all beholders," while hundreds and thousands of imitative monuments have been built up and have decayed, leaving no trace behind.

Like as *Balaam's ass*, which, while all other donkeys have done nothing more than bray and make a noise, has never spoken but to the purpose.

Like as *the Sisy's books*, which, while other publications are all the better the less you see of them, is so precious, that not a leaf can be lost without injury to the cause of literature, and science, and the arts, and the improvement of mankind.

Like as *the great tun at Heidelberg*, where thousands and tens of thousands may drink of excellent wine, and be exhilarated and enlightened. And who would exchange that for a penny glass of gin, or a fractional portion of a poor imitating compound sold under the name of wine, and not half so genuine as Charles Wright's?

Like as.....being written on Christmas Eve, when there can be no nonsense stirring, and the whole population of England is, to the utmost of its ability, strenuously, vigorously, assiduously, unwearyingly, perseveringly employed in one great cause—the diffusion of knowledge by the best possible means.

But as there are *Likes*, so there may be *Dislikes*.

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dislikes much which it observes among too many of its dear contemporaries. It dislikes puffing; it dislikes partiality; it dislikes personality; it dislikes venality; it dislikes lying; and a few other vices. But as it never has seen such practices succeed to any extent of circulation or influence, it looks upon the Existents as the passing onward to the tomb of the Gone-before. It kindly sup-

poses the Public to be intelligent; and thus that the puff must fall, the partiality please none but the unjustly praised, the personality be acceptable only to the idle or vicious, the venality be discovered, and the lying deceive so few as not even to gratify the liar!

THE LITERARY GAZETTE,

between the jest and earnest of this annual Address, for the first time thanks its friends and readers for being enabled to hold on its own unvaried and unvarying course. While it was a novelty in periodical literature, and stood nearly alone in the minor system of its sphere, it had only to deserve and to be appreciated. It is most grateful to look back, but still more grateful to look at its present and to the promise of its future, for the reward of an honourable speculation. For we now live at a period of great change in literature as well as in other important concerns; and to stand high in the estimation of the public, to pursue an undiminished course of usefulness, to be unaffected by the distractions of an extraordinary crisis, is the proudest testimony which could attend our labours.

The aim of our Journal is, and has ever been, to reflect the literature, arts, sciences, discoveries, and improvements, of the times: the images as faithful as a pure medium could render them. Nor have we failed. There have been, no doubt, many broken lines, many imperfect points of vision, many things altered by the atmosphere or the accident of the moment; but in the character of a general guide and reference, we do not hesitate to point to sixteen volumes of the Literary Gazette as a national record of all that civilised man desires to know and to preserve, such as has never hitherto been produced in any form of periodical publication.

It must be our duty to watch the mutable symptoms of the present day. We do not so much allude to political considerations, though their importance has greatly affected, and must greatly affect the literary world. But that world itself has internally undergone a very considerable alteration. To talk in the terms of trade, there is little or no publishing in the metropolis of England, beyond job books, and series of reprints and compilations. The literature of the country is at a very low ebb; and the really literary men, including the possessors of learning and genius in every one of their noblest aspects, are at the bottom of the wheel of fortune. During this state of things, we cannot have, nor have we had, any fair proportion of works of sterling value or immortal stamina. Sufficient for our day is the mediocrity thereof: there is no encouragement for higher efforts. Literature has become a mere traffic; and Shakespeare and Milton at a prospective three and a half per cent, would be rejected for Timkins and Jinkins at four. In truth, there is no market for independent writing; and we will venture to assert that, with all the frivolity of our age, there are many hundred books in manuscript at this day, for which the writers can procure no vent whatever, that would do honour to them and to the country, and repay publication, too, were this branch carried on as it ought to be.

Let us hope that returning quiet and prosperity in other ways may lead to an amelioration in this particular.

For ourselves, we, of necessity, have felt the influence of the change. We could only be what our materials made us. If inundated with *kaleidoscope* works, our page must be evanescent and fitful as they; but still it reflected what passed for the literature of the age, and when sought more sterling came forth, due homage was paid to the welcome stranger. In short, our idea of *Gazetting* is, that only three qualities are required, viz. diligence,

judgment, and impartiality: diligence, which commands information; judgment, which seeks more to communicate what it has reaped than to make a display; and impartiality, founded on a character hardly bought by overcoming the many temptations that beset critical independence,—the favourable disposition, and the temper ruffled by trickery and impudence unseen to the less observant.

It is likely, we think, that the present periodical hodge-podge system will pass away; or, at any rate, that it never will seriously affect well-established works of merited reputation. There may be shilling and eightpenny Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews; but not to calculate the expense of paper and printing, what is to remunerate the talent necessary to instruct others, and devoted to that purpose? There are, and may be many more, very cheap, and very interesting publications, so long as materials can be readily picked up on every side to form a Baker's pie of literature; but, by and by, the resources must become scarce, and where then is the mind to be of real value to the reader? The patch-work quilt is of all gay colours; but, after the sempstress has exhausted her scraps, she has neither web nor woof to supply another covering. It would be a pity if the mere quilters could supply the demand; and yet certain it is that while they last they must injure original productions. We do not speak of daily, or weekly, or monthly, or quarterly publications; but of the entire fabric in England as, at this moment, deteriorated by floods of mediocrity and compilation, by things that do not, and ought not, to thrive, but which have just power enough to disturb what is good, and injure what is beneficial. But the folly, like all other follies, will work its own cure; and it will be perceived, that as there is no royal road to geometry, so neither is there any byway to knowledge. A sounder state of literature will revive; and, instead of superficial reiterations, we shall again see the efforts of ability, of learning, and of genius, encouraged.

Till then we bid our readers farewell, assuring them that we shall continue to do our utmost to preserve the gratifying station assigned to us by their favourable opinion, and to employ the ample means which long experience and success have acquired for us, in such a manner as to afford them satisfaction in what is useful, an pleasure in what is entertaining; to improve their minds by exhibiting the progress of intellect in every branch worthy of human attention, and diffuse an adequate acquaintance with British literature and science throughout every class of the community abroad and at home.

* * A brief summary of the contents of the volume, concluded in this Number, will shew how much must be done in order to furnish its annual panorama. Above 990 volumes are fairly and candidly reviewed, viz. 19 quartos, 299 octavos, and 699 duodecimos and smaller publications, which, averaging each volume at little more than 300 pages, will give the enormous amount of nearly 300,000 pages examined within one year to supply the Review department alone. Add to this *Fine Arts*, in which no fewer than 940 new publications have been criticised, besides detailed accounts of Exhibitions, and numerous miscellaneous notices; Reports of proceedings of all the learned and scientific Bodies, with abstracts of the papers read, to the number of 150; Expeditions of Discovery, New inventions in the useful arts, &c.; New musical publications and concertos; Original poetry, by L. E. L., C. Swain, R. Howitt, and other popular writers; Biography of distinguished individuals, Munden, Miss Porter, Sir W. Scott, Hogg, Cuvier, Goethe, &c.; Sketches of Society, including Garrick Club papers; Noctes West-

* Query, "Cheap?" Printer's Devil.—"No, nothing had, nothing indifferent, can be cheap." Ed.

monasteries; Walks about Town by the Devil Incog., &c. &c.

Under the head of Drama, in addition to critical notices of all new pieces and performances weekly, will be found a series of amusing papers, entitled "Unrehearsed Stage Effects," French Plays, &c.

The Varieties include interesting statistical notices, miscellanies in the literary world, singular statements in contemporary periodicals, humorous sketches, &c. &c. A weekly list of all new works in progress, and notices of all scientific novelties.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of a Chaperon. Edited by Lady Dacre. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Bentley.

LADY DACRE's name is a passport for any publication, not only into the highest, but into the best literary circles; and we rejoice to receive into our hands a work so auspiciously introduced. It is written, we understand, by Mrs. Sullivan, a near relative of her ladyship's, and proving herself in these volumes to be closely allied by talent as well as consanguinity. The first of them contains the "Single Woman of a certain age," and the commencement of "Milly and Lucy," which is concluded in Vol. II. and followed by "Warrenne," and "An Old Tale and often told," i. e. that of a divorced lady. The third gives us "Ellen Wareham."

As it is the plain truth, and our honest duty, we must confess to not having read the whole of these tales in a manner sufficiently careful to be able to speak particularly of the merits of them all, and the separate pictures of feeling which they so vividly exhibit. We do not know when we have read a more touching story than the first of the series; it is full of deep feeling and quiet beauty—simple, real, and unexaggerated. The second we only like in part. The village story wants ease; bad grammar does not constitute simplicity; and our author has failed in giving an appearance of real life to the old nurse: the more artificial characters are infinitely more natural. Of the following tales we cannot as yet offer an opinion, saving that the last begins well. Truly might Washington Irving say, "it is not poverty but pretence which harasses a poor man." The great characteristic of these pages is sentiment—sentiment born of genuine emotion, but kept in control by fine taste; and also knowledge of the world, using that phrase as it is commonly used, to express society. Rather observing than creating, there is an individuality about the characters which gives them that air of actual existence so attractive in fiction. Lord Montreville, in "Milly and Lucy," is sketched with that liveliness which springs at once from natural talent and acquired material—the tact for perception, accompanied by the power of delineation. Dramatic and connected, these tales cannot be appreciated by an extract; we may shew the style, the train of thought, the happy and just remark; but the interest of the narrative is in the whole. Moreover, we have only time and space for brief extract. The first story commences thus:

"Why is it that the bustling matron, who (having, without preference or selection, married the first man who proposed to her) has spent her days in the unsentimental details of a household, a nursery, and a school-room, merely considering her partner as the medium through which these several departments are provided for—why is it that the languid beauty, who has sold herself to age or folly for an opera-box, an equipage, a title—why is it that the scold, who has jangled through a

wedded life of broils and disputes—and the buxom widow, whose gay and blooming face gives the lie to her mourning garments—why is it that they all cast a pitying glance of contempt on the 'single woman of a certain age' who ventures an opinion on the subject of love? Why do they all look as if it were impossible she could ever have felt its influence? On the contrary, the very fact of singleness affords in itself presumptive evidence of the power of some strong and unfortunate predilection. Few women pass through life without having had some opportunities of what is commonly called 'settling'; therefore the chances are, that betrayed affections, an unrequited attachment, or an early prepossession, has called forth the sentiment of which they are supposed incapable—and called it forth, too, in a mind of too much delicacy to admit the idea of marriage from any other motive than that of love."

How true are these observations!

"Those who imagine they do not please, often neglect the means by which they might do so; whereas, if they once become aware that all they say and do finds favour in the sight of others, they are no longer ashamed of being charming, or afraid to be agreeable."

"Mortification is but half felt while it is only felt in secret. It is not till we perceive it has been remarked by others that it becomes one of the most painful sensations to which the weak, the vain, and the worldly, are liable, and one from which the most humble and pure minded can scarcely boast of being entirely free."

We add a delicately coloured painting of unrequited affection, left to solitude and its remembrances, when the heart, too, has been softened by recent affliction.

"After the funeral, they returned to their desolate home. Their hearts sank within them as they drove along the well-known avenue, which led straight to the front of the house, on which the hatchment met their eyes for the last half-mile of their approach. Fanny supported her father into the drawing-room, where every object which met their eyes was but a renewal of grief. The easy chair, with cushions of every shape, to procure ease to a frame wearied and worn out—the invalid sofa-table, the footstool, just where Lady Elmsley had last used it—the portable book-case, containing her favourite authors, stood on the table as usual—the large basket of carpet-work, which was deemed too cumbersome to be taken to Clifton—the glass vase, which Fanny always kept replenished with the choicest flowers, and which the gardener had now filled with care, that the room might look cheerful, and which the housemaid had placed on the accustomed spot—all combined to make their return more painful, if possible, than they had anticipated.

The next morning, when, before her father left his room, Fanny altered the disposition of the furniture, and removed the things which so forcibly reminded them of her for whom they mourned, she felt it almost a sacrilegious act to touch them. Time, however, rolled on, and Sir Edward became calm and resigned; but Fanny's spirits did not rally. She had fervently loved her mother; she missed her in every occupation, in every duty, in every amusement. Strange to say, her thoughts, which during her mother's illness had been so completely weaned from the subject of her own disappointment, in her present quiet and solitude would revert to former scenes. She did not recur to the happy days of delusion, when she believed herself the object of Lord Delaford's prefer-

ence; she felt that would have been a sin; but she fancied that by dwelling only on recollections, in which the images of Lord Delaford and of Isabella were blended together, she was accustoming herself to the idea of their union, and preparing her mind for seeing them, as man and wife, when, on their return from the continent, they were to pay their promised visit to the Priory. She forgot that,

'En songeant qu'il faut Foublier,
Elle s'en souvient.'

As she wandered about her lonely flower-garden, she at one time remembered how Lord Delaford had gathered some of the beautiful double dahlias, and had called Isabella's attention to the rich blending of their various hues; how Isabella had laughingly twisted them into her hair; and how surpassingly beautiful she had looked when bending over the marble basin (she had used it, as nymphs of old, for her looking-glass), while the evening sun just tipped her dark brown curls with a golden hue, and tinged her downy mantling cheek with a more mellow bloom. Fanny could almost fancy she again saw the eyes of rapturous admiration with which he watched her graceful action. At another time, if she were training the straggling honeysuckles over the trellage, she recollected how her hopes had received their death-blow, when, on entering the drawing-room before dinner, she found Lord Delaford and Isabella in their morning dress, still occupied in reducing the unruly tendrils to obedience; and how Isabella blushed to find it so late, and Lord Delaford insisted it must be Fanny who had mistaken the hour. In recollecting these circumstances, she again experienced the same painful feelings of mortification and despondency; she did not thus acquire forgetfulness, or indifference."

We find it quite impossible, as we go on, to afford an idea of this series of pictures of real life, by cutting out bits of the canvass. Where delicacy, refinement, and truth connected with truth, pervade the traits and give the character, the task of illustrating by piece-meal is hopeless. But we shall return to it in our first No. for the ensuing year; and must for the present be content with this very imperfect sketch in the last for 1832, crowded as it is by Index and other temporary matter.

Evenings in Greece. By Thomas Moore, Esq. Second Evening. London, 1832. Power.

THE second part of this happy union of music and verse has come most opportunely to delight the social circles of the holiday season. The poetical narrative fancies an assemblage of Grecian nymphs, their lovers and friends, on the island of Zea, where various subjects call forth the song. The scenery is painted with all Mr. Moore's freshness, and the actors described in his own charming manner. But our illustrations must, from their nature, be chiefly made up of the lyrical compositions, and we shall only quote a slight portion of the connecting link. The opening is sweet:—

"The noon-day tempest over,
Now ocean toils no more,
And wings of halcyons hover,
Where all was strife before.
Oh, thus may life, in closing
Its short tempestuous day,
Beneath heaven's smile repose,
Shine all its storms away!"

Again, a scene is unfolded—

"A picture 'twas of the early days
Of glorious Greece, ere yet those rays
Of high, immortal Mind were hers,
That made mankind her worshippers;

While yet unsung her landscapes shone
With glory lent by heaven alone:
Nor temples crown'd her nameless hills,
Nor muse immortalised her rills;
Nor aught but the mute poetry
Of sun, and stars, and shining sea,
Illumed that land of bards to be.
While, prescient of the gifted race
That yet would realm so blest adorn,
Nature took pains to deck the place
Where glorious Art was to be born!"

Among the other incidents, a bark passes, announcing the death of Byron at Missolonghi, which introduces the following hymn, founded on the

Φιλτατ' Ἀρμόδι, σὺναι τιθῆναι.

"Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no,
Thy soul, to realms above us fled,
Though, like a star, it dwells o'er head,
Still lights this world below.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no,
Through isles of light, where heros tread,
And flowers ethereal blow,
Thy god-like spirit now is led,
Thy lip, with life ambrosial fed,
Forgets all taste of woe.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no,
The myrtle, round that falchion spread
Which struck the immortal blow,
Throughout all time, with leaves unshed,—
The patriot's hope, the tyrant's dread,—
Hound Freedom's shrine shall grow.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no,
Where hearts like thine have broke or bled,
Though quenched the vital glow,
Their memory lights a flame, instead,
Which, ev'n from out the narrow bed
Of death its beams shall throw.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no,
Thy name, by myriads sung and said,
From age to age shall go,
Long as the oak and ivy wed,
As bees shall haunt Hymettus' head,
Or Helles' waters flow.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no."

We will contrast this strain with a love-affair between Cupid and Minerva (when young), which is much in the playful vein of the poet's early songs.

"As Love, one summer eve, was straying,
Who should he see, at that soft hour,
But young Minerva, gravely playing
Her flute within an olive bower.
I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion
That, grave or merry, good or ill,
The sex all bow to his dominion,
As woman will be woman still.
Though seldom eye the boy hath given
To learned dames his smiles or sighs,
So handsome Pallas look'd, that even
Love quite forgot the maid was wise.
Besides, a youth of his discerning
Knew well that, by a shady rill,
At sunset hour—what'er her learning—
A woman will be woman still.
Her flute he praised in terms ecstatic,
Wishing it dumb—nor cared how soon—
For Wisdom's notes, how'er chromatic,
To Love seem always out of tune.
But long as he found face to flatter,
The nymph found breath to shake and thrill;
As, weak or wise,—it doth not matter—
Woman, at heart, is woman still.
Love changed his plan, with warmth exclaiming,
'How brilliant was her first soft dye!
And much that flute, the sly rogue! blaming,
For twisting lips so sweet away.
The nymph look'd down—beheld her features
Reflected in the passing rill,
And started, shock'd—for, ah, ye creatures!
Ev'n when divine, you're women still.
Quick from the lips it made so odious
That graceless flute the goddess took;
And, while yet fill'd with breath melodious,
Flung it into the glassy brook;
Where, as its vocal life was fleeting
Adown the current, faint and shrill,
At distance long 'twas heard repeating,
'Woman, alas, vain woman still!'

This will suffice to shew the lovers of poetry what they have to expect in this fair tome; nor will the lovers of melody be less delighted with Bishop's admirable selections, adaptations, and composition. These consist of thirteen

airs and pieces, from Mozart, Shulz, Fiorillo, and several anonymous writers, besides Bohe-mian, German, and other foreign sources, recommended by novelty and beauty.

At parting, we must point out one or two little offences in the poetry. Is "to fleet," p. 97, a legitimate verb? Page 99, Hydriot barks shooting their skiffs, is obviously a blunder; and at p. 102, and other places, the divisions of lines are faulty. *Ex. gr.*—

"Sat a young nymph, with her lap full
Of newly gather'd flowers, o'er which
She graceful lean'd, intent to cull
All that was there of hue most rich."

But these are trifles, and the merits of the work could carry five hundred such.

My Village, versus Our Village. By T. Crofton Croker, author of "Barney Mahoney," "Fairy Legends," &c. &c. 12mo. London, 1833. Fisher, Son, and Co.

"THE truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," instead of fairy landscapes, fairy portraits, and ideal virtues. Really, of late our authors have become so exceedingly genteel, so high in their notions, so fastidious in *dramatis persona*, so equally languid and lachrymose, that we began to doubt whether originality and vulgarity had not gone out together, and whether there were any people in the world who did not go to Almack's, retail club on *dits*, and speak in a low tone of voice, to say nothing of the said speaking being half in French. This very amusing little volume convinces us to the contrary; it presents a series of Dutch paintings, full of life and humour, and with that air of reality about them, which seems so easy, and yet is so difficult to give. After speaking of a village dressed *en vaudeville*, like the back scene of a theatre, our author proceeds to state:

"How totally unlike to Brampton, where three years of my life were passed; during which period no act of neighbourly kindness was discoverable, nor did I ever, by any chance, hear one word spoken in praise of the absent. To credit the account given of their neighbours by each resident of Brampton, its inhabitants were an unanimously hard-drinking, unprincipled, envious set of people. Idle they certainly were, as I myself can attest; and no wonder, for they gave such close attention to the actions of others, there was no time to spare for work; so that when a job was offered to any of the various professors of different trades, it seldom was accomplished within any reasonable time; and one never dared to venture on employing the same person twice. To use the words of one of the villagers, it is 'just the most unneighbourliest, backbittingest, quarrelsomest place that ever the sun shone upon.'"

The Greeks and Trojans of *My Village*, alias the two contending parties, are three maiden sisters, who have houses on the Mall to let, and a new arrival, a lady who keeps a boarding-house. The ensuing is the dialogue of the first morning call. We must observe, that the apothecary has transferred his allegiance to the more shewy prospect held out by the boarding-house.

"The door was thrown open by James, who announced the approach of 'Miss Wiggins and Miss Peggy Wiggins.' The chair on which Dr. Slopall reclined was one of those invaluable inventions of modern luxury, known by the name of a half-easy; and he only could have described its claim to the title at the moment of this fearful, as it was unexpected, double apparition. He half rose, and quite reseat-

himself, during the formal interchange of bows and curtsies consequent on this invasion. A stiff, a very stiff bend of the upper neck, was the result of the first dart from the elder Wiggins's eye, as it shot through the consciously guilty heart of the trembling culprit. Miss Peggy waited but for this assisting clue to guide her movements, and, immediately on receiving the credentials, she also bowed her scraggy throat—but, owing to the agitation by which she was overpowered, it chanced that her eyes, in disobedience to their owner, at that moment fell on Mr. Hunter. By this *faux pas*, as Miss Wiggins afterwards reproachfully remarked to her sister, she committed the double fault of giving that puppy Hunter undue encouragement, and leaving Slopall to imagine she was disturbed by his desertion of them. Poor Peggy! she seldom did right, and she knew it. The professed conviction of her sins, however, served only to bring down, with ten-fold weight, the ire of her self-possessed sister; and had she not been abundantly supplied with nerves—(those useful members ever called upon to sustain the blame of all her misdeeds)—there is no knowing what excuse could have been made for the errors of commission and omission of Miss Peggy Wiggins. The determined Letty, having committed her widest smile to Mrs. Stonecroft's discretion, commenced her survey and comments upon the various articles of taste and fashion by which she found herself surrounded. It is not, perhaps, the precise mode under which the formality of a first visit is usually encountered; and can be excused only by the engrossing employments and taste of Miss Wiggins. In truth, she had come with a full intention, not alone to see every thing, but to point out every possible defect or deficiency; and her opening speech was in harmony with this design. 'A very pleasant situation this you have selected, Mrs. Stonecroft; at least so I have always considered it; in opposition, I must own, to the general opinion. Positively, I consider it, after the Mall, the best in the neighbourhood—you find it damp, though, I fear?' Now, Miss Wiggins did not even hope for an answer in the affirmative, since she knew it to be the only undeniably dry house within two miles of her. So, to prevent the possible denial of this charge, she proceeded, with great rapidity, to add: 'Not that I should object to it on that account; I do not hold a very dry soil to be, by any means, conducive to health. It's lonely, to be sure, but probably you are not timid; and, indeed, as the furniture is your landlord's, your anxiety on that head must be inconsiderable.' 'I trust principally to the men-servants for our safety,' replied Mrs. Stonecroft, 'and hope their vigilance may prove sufficient, without obliging me to call on the gallantry of the gentlemen present.' 'Yea, yes, I believe you are tolerably safe,' observed Mr. Hunter; 'we form rather too strong a guard, altogether, to come within the attacks of any but the most determined gang.' 'I never heard that murder was committed in the house, to be sure; indeed, it has been robbed but three times within my recollection; and in those cases, no doubt appeared of the robbery having originated with the servants—probably your men have been long in your family, and in that case you can depend on them.' Miss Wiggins had learned that both men were hired the day previous to leaving London, and had prepared this 'ding' accordingly. 'Oh, I should be terrified out of my life,' observed Miss Peggy, who thought she might safely chime in upon ground so distinctly

marked out by her commanding officer: 'I'm sure I have not had a regular night's rest since they broke into our house last winter.' 'The thieves, or your domestics?' inquired, rather maliciously, Captain Ward. Certain private signals here intimated to the blundering Peggy, that she had adopted a mistaken course; in attempting to turn from which, she floundered still deeper, by adding, 'They behaved very well, too, considering, for they only took a cold goose that was in the larder, and our three teaspoons, and a gown of my sister Letty's, and some candles, and a brooch of Sally's, and—' 'My dear Peggy,' interposed the disgraced general, shocked at the poverty displayed in this enumeration; 'how can you indulge in such rallery, on so slight an acquaintance with the present company? the fact is,' turning to the lady of the house, 'my sister alludes to a joke played on us by some of our nephews, in the innocence of youth and high spirits.' 'A joke!—was it, Letty? well, I never heard that before.' 'Beautiful cabinet, there,' pursued Miss Wiggins. 'I was going to compliment you on the taste exhibited in the furnishing of this room, forgetting at the moment you had it only on hire.' Really, it proves vast confidence in a tenant, to leave such valuable articles to the risk of good or bad usage. It's all very well, where you furnish for letting; you select things accordingly. I cannot say I should like to admit a family into my own house; but, to be sure, we have such a variety of ornamental knick-knacks.' 'And don't you remember how vexed we were, one year, that the Adams's had our house—no, I think it was the Thompson's—and when we returned to it, they had broken two of the China vases that Sally and I had mended so nicely with cement, before they came in?' The patience of Miss Wiggins was exhausted; she rose to retire: the force of habit, however, did not permit of her doing so without a parting out, in which she proposed to comprise the full bitterness of her excited feelings. 'Unacquainted, as you probably are,' commenced the maiden, 'with various little inconveniences attached to this place, I can only say, I shall be most happy to render you any advice or assistance within my power. Fruit (although I see considerable promise on the trees) you will scarcely have a chance of keeping till ripe, the garden lies so near the high road. No doubt you have discovered the scarcity of water; we have an excellent pump, and can always supply that deficiency; and should you find (as I have reason to believe you will) that the rain penetrates the upper rooms, the roof being much out of repair, I shall have great pleasure in making up a spare bed or two, at a moment's notice, for the accommodation of any of your inmates.' 'And if you should leave this house,' added Miss Peggy, 'sister can let you have one on the Mall, such a bargain!' 'God help me!—to be sure, never mortal was saddled with such a nincompoop as you are,' grumbled the baffled Miss Wiggins, on getting a short distance from the house; 'there is no possibility of making you understand even when to be silent. Did I not, before we set out, explain most clearly to you all that I intended to say in the course of the visit? yet must you keep blundering on with your malapropos observations,—enough to provoke a saint, that's what you are, Peggy Wiggins!' 'I'm sure I'm very sorry; I meant it all for the best; but I'm always wrong, it seems—I wish Sally were well enough to go visiting with you—I never know what to say; and you promised to smile when I was getting astray, you know.' 'If you felt conscious of depending on

that for your guidance, you had better have looked at me occasionally, instead of fixing your eyes, as you did, on Captain Ward: they all noticed how you stared at him, I can tell you that.' 'I didn't know, I declare, that I regarded him in particular; I think I looked quite as much at Mr. Hunter, and at the other elderly gentleman; indeed, I never am in company with a man, but it reminds me of the blighted hopes of my early life: you know to what I allude, Letty.'—'So may all the parish, if they like to waste their time in listening to you.'"

As natural as Miss Mitford's admirable sketches of rustic manners, *My Village* will form an equally amusing companion or contrast to these justly popular productions: for, as the author in a preliminary sonnet sagely sings,

—Rural life is not all in a Mitford,
Or else 'tis very plain that I'm not for't,

Cabinet Cyclopædia, No. XXXVII. History of England, Vol. III. By Sir James Mackintosh. London, 1832. Longman and Co.; Taylor.

IT is the saying of some old philosopher, that he only had cause to lament death who had the work of a life yet to do. Sir James Mackintosh, dying, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, with the most interesting and the most important part of his task yet before him, is a painful witness to human incertitude. With great abilities and ample leisure, he seems to have lacked either sufficient stimulus, or sufficient industry, to bring forth their fruits in due season. Mackintosh, singular to say, preserved his reputation to the last; and it was not till after his decease that we found the promise of his youth had never been fulfilled. Had he left his history completed, it would have been a great and a valuable work; now it is like his own youth, just a beginning from which high expectations were reasonably entertained, but which remain unaccomplished. Even these three volumes are of great value, and should be in the hands of every investigating reader of history. They have not the animated style of Hume, who excites the vivid interest of some fictitious story; neither have they the dramatic power, nor the picturesque colouring of Scott: but they are full of thought, of acute analysis, of well-weighted conclusions, and those clear-drawn results which are the spirit of history. You felt that Sir James thoroughly understood the subject on which he was writing. How accurately, for example, is the question of self-defence set forth!

"These reasonings on the justice and policy of armed interference for a friendly party, where the safety of a state requires it, are in substance common to all ages and nations; though they were not expressed by the statesmen of the sixteenth century in the artificial language of what was afterwards called international law. Their principal defect is, that they may often be used with equal plausibility by several contending parties; though it is generally evident that one only has justice on its side. In the particular case before us, the defect does not seem to be considerable. The true question always being, which party is really influenced by self-defence, and which employs it merely as a pretext, it cannot be doubted that Elizabeth sought an ascendant in Scotland for her own safety, while the house of Guise pursued the same object for their aggrandisement. To this may be added, that the first wrong was done by the princes of Lorraine, in setting up their niece as a pretender

to the English crown; and that this wrong was grievously aggravated by their perseverance in it. They obstinately persisted in using the royal arms of England as a flag round which every discontented and disaffected Englishman might rally; and this, even after their own ministers had pledged them by a solemn treaty to discontinue such an incentive to revolt. It has already been observed, that the reasonings of Cecil and of Maitland were not conveyed in the specious and subtle language of modern jurists: they were, nevertheless, conformable to the most approved principles. These ancient statesmen do not seem to have been aware of the difficulty of reconciling the rights of self-defence with the apparently conflicting duty of every community to respect the independence of every other, and to manifest their sense of justice by abstaining from interference in the internal affairs of independent countries. The solution, however, of that difficulty flows from the simple principle which is the basis of Cecil's advice. The right of defence, whether exercised to repel an attack or to prevent it, is the self-same right, and extends to conventions with contending parties in a community, as much as to those which subsist with contending states. When a contest for supreme power prevails in a country, foreign states, who have no jurisdiction in the case, are neither bound nor entitled to pronounce a judgment on the armed litigation. Their relations with each other being formed for the welfare of the subjects of each, they must treat the actual rulers of every territory as its lawful government. In all ordinary cases, they should treat the pretenders as alike legitimate wherever they are obeyed; and preserve the same neutrality in the war between parties as if it were waged between independent states. It is a very obvious inference from these premises, that foreign sovereigns may ally themselves with a possessor of authority, if defence and safety require it, on the same ground that they form alliances with the most anciently established government. Whenever it is lawful to make war, it is equally lawful to obtain strength by alliances. It would, doubtless, be more for the general welfare of mankind to adjust their differences by institutions making some approach to a discerning and honest judgment, than to leave them to the blind and destructive arbitrament of war. But as long as nations assail their neighbours by arms, they must be resisted by the same cruel and undistinguishing expedient. The laws of war (as they are called) are the same in civil as in foreign warfare. It is as much forbidden by international morality to league with an unjust state, as it is in private litigation to support an unjust suitor. But as independent nations have no common superior, their wars must be practically treated, by those who desire to remain neutral, as if they were just on both sides. In some extraordinary instances of notorious and flagrant wrong, neutral nations may be entitled, and even perhaps sometimes bound, to interpose for the prevention of injustice and inhumanity. In such extraordinary emergencies, whether a nation is influenced by a regard to its own safety, or by a disinterested reverence for justice, both these principles point to the same practical result. For as the general prevalence of a disposition to act justly and humanely is the principal safeguard of nations as well as of individuals, to which the terrors of law, or even of arms, are only occasional and inadequate auxiliaries, it is not possible to set the example of bidding open defiance to humanity and justice without impairing the security of

states, in proportion to the extent of such acts of criminal audacity."

Again, speaking of the passion for discovery so characteristic of the period:

"The progress of trade might, however, have been more slow if it had depended alone on these exact calculations of advantage from accessible and well-understood sources, which are its natural province. But the voyages of the Spaniards and Portuguese had disclosed to the dazzled imagination of mankind new worlds, and races of men before unknown—the owners of treasures, apparently unbounded, which they had neither power to defend, nor skill to extract from the earth. The spirit of commerce mingled with the passion for discovery, which was exalted by the grandeur of vast and unknown objects. A maritime chivalry arose, which equipped crusades for the settlement and conquest of the new world; professing to save the tribes of that immense region from eternal perdition, and somewhat disguising these expeditions of rapine and destruction under the illusions of military glory and religious fanaticism. Great noblemen, who would have recoiled with disgust from the small gains of honest industry, eagerly plunged into associations which held out wealth and empire in the train of splendid victory. The lord treasurer, the lord steward, the lord privy seal, and the lord high admiral, were at the head of the first company formed for the trade of Russia on the discovery of that country. For nearly a century it became a prevalent passion among men of all ranks, including the highest, to become members of associations framed for the purposes of discovery, colonisation, and aggrandisement, which formed a species of subordinate republics, the vassals of the crown of England. By links like these the feudal world was gradually allied with the commercial, in a manner which civilised the landholder, and elevated the merchant."

We conclude with the history of Don Carlos, (abridged from Llorente's "Histoire de l'Inquisition d'Espagne"); of which we believe the poetical impression to be more general than the true one.

"This wretched prince had from his infancy manifested every species of imbecility and depravity which can be united in the mind of one man. Incapable of instruction, yielding without bounds to every passion, stupid as the most grovelling brutes, ferocious as a beast of prey, no care of courtly masters, no lessons of learned preceptors could bestow on him that scanty polish of manner, and that smattering of the general language of intercourse, which are expected from princes. His grandfather, Charles V., who saw the heir of the Spanish dominions at sixteen, bewailed the fate of his late empire. A Venetian minister, long resident at Madrid, when he saw the prince eagerly tearing to pieces the rabbits brought in for his sport, and contemplating with delight the convulsions of their muscles and the palpitations of their hearts, foretold to his senate the miserable condition of those many millions, in every region, from sunrise to sunset, who were to be subject to his will. At eighteen he fell from a high scaffold and received wounds in the head, which during the remainder of his life added convulsions, confusion of thought, and occasional attacks of insanity, to his natural defects and habitual vices. His father, perhaps justifiably, restrained him. His mad passion for travelling was exasperated, and he formed wild schemes of escape. His incoherent talk often turned on the revolt of the Flemings, with whom he sometimes affected a fellow-feeling;

while, on other occasions, he professed an ambition to command the army against them. When the Duke of Alva took his leave to repair to that command, Carlos said, 'My father ought to have appointed me.' 'Doubtless,' said Alva, 'his majesty considered your life as too precious.' Carlos drew his dagger, and attempted to stab Alva; adding, 'I will hinder your journey to Flanders, for I will pierce your heart before you set out.' Towards the end of 1567, his frenzy seemed to rage more fiercely, mingled with much of that cunning which sometimes, for a moment, covers madness with a false appearance of reason. He declared to his confessors that he was resolved to take the life of a man. In reply to their inquiries who it was, he said that he aimed at a man of the highest quality; and after much importunate examination, he at length uttered, 'My father!' His father, attended by the chief officers of state, went at midnight in armour to arrest him. Philip, acting on his fatal notions of the boundless right of kings and fathers, did not shrink from communicating his proceedings to the great corporations of Spain, and to the principal Catholic states of Europe. His subjects and his allies interceded for Carlos. Their intercessions were withstood by the iron temper, the unbending policy, and the misguided conscience of Philip, although he was occasionally haunted by the unquenchable feelings of nature. The commissioners appointed to try Carlos reported, that he was guilty of having meditated, and at his arrest attempted, parricide; and that he had conspired to usurp the sovereignty of Flanders. They represented the matter as too high for a sentence, but insinuated that mercy might be dictated by prudence; and threw out a hint, that the prince was no longer responsible for his actions. Men of more science than the Spanish commissioners, and more secure in their circumstances, might be perplexed by the intrinsic difficulty of ascertaining the precise truth, in a case where the malignant rage of Carlos often approached to insanity, and might sometimes be inflamed to such a degree as to be transformed into utter alienation of mind. The clouds which always darkened his feeble reason might sometimes quench it. The subtle and shifting transformations of wild passion into maniacal disease, the returns of the maniac to the scarcely more healthy state of stupid anger, and the character to be given to acts done by him when near the varying frontier which separates lunacy from malignity, are matters which have defied all the experience and sagacity of the world. At this point the records of the commission close with a note made by their secretary, stating shortly that the prince died of his malady, which hindered a judgment. A dark veil conceals the rest of these proceedings from the eyes of mankind. It is variously related. Philip is said to have ordered that advantage should be taken of the distempered appetites of Carlos, which after he had confined himself to feed water for a time, were wont to hurry him into voraciously swallowing monstrous quantities of animal food; that his excesses should be allowed, if not encouraged; and that he should thus be betrayed into becoming his own executioner. Another narrative, not quite irreconcilable with the former, describes the prince of Eboli and the cardinal Espinosa as having intimated to Olivarrez, the physician of Carlos (as darkly as John spoke to Hubert), that it was necessary for him to execute the sentence of death, which the king had pronounced on the wretched patient in such a manner that the disease might

seem to be natural. When he felt himself to be in the agonies of death, he desired to see his father, and to receive his blessing. Philip sent his blessing, but, by the advice of the confessor, declined to disturb the dying devotions of Carlos. Vanquished by nature, however, he stole into the chamber, and, standing unseen, spreading his arms over his son, prayed for a blessing on the expiring youth. The father withdrew, bathed in tears, and Carlos not many hours after breathed his last. An historian, who wrote from original documents, adds to a narrative otherwise not dissimilar, the significant words, 'if, indeed, violence was not employed.' However terrific the sound of this may be on other occasions, in the circumstances of Carlos, it rather relieves the mind, by intimating that his agonies were cut short, and can hardly be said to insinuate an aggravation of a tale so tragic, that if proved to be real, it would still be too horrible, and too wide a deviation from the general truth of nature for the verisimilitude required in history."

It were premature to judge merely by a few pages of the merits of the purposed continuation. We observe that the writer differs from Sir James in his estimate of Mary, Queen of Scots; whence we conclude that he is young—a fact which might also be inferred from the vehemence of many of his epithets—a great fault, by the by, in an historian. We confess we should infinitely have preferred that whatever MSS. Sir James Mackintosh may have left, were published in a separate form, which, however slight, would be valuable.

The vignette to the present volume is exceedingly pretty, representing Queen Elizabeth on horseback.

The Works of Lord Byron. Vol. XIII. London, 1832. Murray.

THE preface to this volume, after stating that it consists of pieces written at Ravenna in 1821; and Pisa in 1822, proceeds as follows:

"When this edition was first announced, nothing more was designed than an exact reprint of Mr. Moore's notices, and Lord Byron's works in prose and verse, as they had previously been given to the public; and the printer calculated that the whole might be comprised in fourteen volumes. While, however, the notices of Lord Byron's life were for the second time passing through the press, it was suggested to the publisher, that the time was come when the public had a right to look for such notes and illustrations to Lord Byron's text, as are usually appended to the pages of a deceased author of established and permanent popularity. This suggestion was acted upon; and its adoption has, apparently, given general satisfaction. These additions will extend the work to seventeen volumes; the last of which will include a very copious and careful index to the whole collection."

We can have no doubt that this explanation will satisfy every body. Nothing was ever more cordially approved than the idea of annotating Byron's been by the British public; and we venture to say, that the three volumes made up of illustrative remarks, and odds and ends of all sorts bearing on the poet's works, will not be considered by posterity as the least interesting of the seventeen. Mr. Murray ought, however, to have matured his plan before he began reducing any part of it to execution. It ought to have been as clear and obvious in 1830, as it is

in 1832, that the time was come for considering Lord Byron as an established classic, and treating his *opera omnia* accordingly.

To say the truth, it had occurred to ourselves some months back, when we saw how matters were going on, that it would never be possible for the editors to compress all Byron, thus annotated, into fourteen of these volumes; and we had settled it pretty nearly in our own mind that the *Don Juan* was once more to be omitted. We are happy to find that such is not to be the case. However reprehensible may be scores, perhaps hundreds of things in the *Don*, it is still one of the very first of Byron's works for ability, by far the first for entertainment, and certainly not the worst by any means for general bearing and tendency. To leave it out *now* would have been a little trimming; and we sincerely hope, since it is to appear at length in due form, it will be complete; let us have the dedication to Southey; it is already sold in the streets in a broadside for two-pence, and omitting it in the book would be nonsense. Let us have the asterisked words, lines, and stanzas, all filled up. Mr. Murray knows very well that copies of them also exist beyond his own desk; and, in short, he had better pluck up courage, and make a clean desk of it once for all. Lord Byron's character as a satirist is now, he may be assured, perfectly well understood. He is known to have lashed the highest and the best of his contemporaries; smaller people will not break their hearts on discovering that they had also received a little flourish of his devil-may-care reckless vituperation. And as to notes, surely none of Lord B.'s works needed them so much—nearly so much—as this extraordinary poem, of which there are not, we venture to say, five stanzas on end, from Canto I. to Canto XVI. inclusive, that do not contain some confession of the author, or some allusion to the English objects of his indignation and scorn. But to the present volume.

Its illustrations are exquisite; one print of the Walls of Rome, to go with the *Deformed Transformed*, quite magnificent—in Turner's very highest flight: nor are the annotations less rich or varied than those of the preceding tomes. The volume not containing, however, any small detached pieces, we do not find it so easy to select a specimen or two for extracting. We must just take it for granted, that our readers are as well acquainted with *Heaven and Earth*, *Sardanapalus*, &c. &c. as ourselves, and draw our pencil down what have struck us as among some of the best garnishings of the margin. By far the finest note on the *Heaven and Earth* appears to be Mr. Milman's, and we are sorry we have not room for it (see p. 51).

The following bit of Jeffrey is most characteristic of the learned lord; nor is that of Reginald Heber on the same subject less so of the good bishop: compare the critics!

"Sardanapalus is, beyond all doubt, a work of great beauty and power; and though the heroine has many traits in common with the Medoras and Gulnares of Lord Byron's undramatic poetry, the hero must be allowed to be a new character in his hands. He has, indeed, the scorn of war, and glory, and priestcraft, and regular morality, which distinguishes the rest of his lordship's favourites; but he has no misanthropy, and very little pride—and may be regarded, on the whole, as one of the most truly good-humoured, amiable, and respectable voluptuaries to whom we have ever been presented. In this conception of his character, the author

has very wisely followed nature and fancy rather than history. His Sardanapalus is not an effeminate, worn-out debauchee, with shattered nerves and exhausted senses, the slave of indolence and vicious habits; but a sanguine votary of pleasure, a princely epicure, indulging, revelling in boundless luxury while he can, but with a soul so inured to voluptuousness, so saturated with delights, that pain and danger, when they come uncalled for, give him neither concern nor dread; and he goes forth from the banquet to the battle, as to a dance or measure, attired by the Graces, and with youth, joy, and love for his guides. He dallies with Bellona as her bridegroom—for his sport and pastime; and the spear or fan, the shield or shining mirror, become his hands equally well. He enjoys life in short, and triumphs in death; and whether in prosperous or adverse circumstances, his soul smiles out superior to evil."

"The Sardanapalus of Lord Byron is pretty nearly such a person as the Sardanapalus of history may be supposed to have been. Young, thoughtless, spoiled by flattery and unbounded self-indulgence, but with a temper naturally amiable, and abilities of a superior order, he affects to undervalue the sanguinary renown of his ancestors as an excuse for inattention to the most necessary duties of his rank; and flatters himself, while he is indulging his own sloth, that he is making his people happy. Yet, even in his fondness for pleasure, there lurks a love of contradiction. Of the whole picture, selfishness is the prevailing feature—selfishness admirably drawn indeed; apologised for by every palliating circumstance of education and habit, and clothed in the brightest colours of which it is susceptible from youth, talents, and placability. But it is selfishness still; and we should have been tempted to quarrel with the art which made vice and frivolity thus amiable, if Lord Byron had not at the same time pointed out with much skill the bitterness and weariness of spirit which inevitably wait on such a character; and if he had not given a fine contrast to the picture in the accompanying portraits of Salmesbury and of Myrrha."

We were much amused with another specimen of contrasted criticism on another page of the same tragedy. We have had Heber *versus* Jeffrey—now for Heber *versus* Hogg—and on a very delicate topic. Hear the Bishop of Calcutta:—

"We are not sure whether there is not a considerable violation of costume in the sense of degradation with which Myrrha seems to regard her situation in the harem, no less than in the resentment of Salmesbury, and the remorse of Sardanapalus on the score of his infidelity to Zarina. Little as we know of the domestic habits of Assyria, we have reason to conclude, from the habits of contemporary nations, and from the manners of the East in every age, that polygamy was neither accounted a crime in itself, nor as a measure of which the principal wife was justified in complaining. And even in Greece, in those times when Myrrha's character must have been formed,—to be a captive, and subject to the captor's pleasure, was accounted a misfortune indeed, but could hardly be regarded as an infamy. But where is the critic who would object to an inaccuracy which has given occasion to such sentiments and such poetry?"

This is very well; but we back the Shepherd of Ettrick: *ecce signum*!—

"In many parts of this play, it strikes me that Lord Byron has more in his eye the case of a sinful Christian than has but one wife, and a sly business or so which she and her kin do

not approve of, than a bearded Oriental, like Sardanapalus, with three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines."

Two to one, say we, on the pastor of Peebles. One more specimen, and we must have done. In the note on the fine lines in the *Deformed Transformed*—

"He was the fairest and the bravest of Athenians. Look upon him well! how beautiful! Such was the curled son of Clinias," &c.

we find this extract from one of Lord Byron's MS. diaries:

"Alcibiades is said to have been 'successful in all his battles'—but what battles? Name them! If you mention Caesar, or Hannibal, or Napoleon, you at once rush upon Pharsalia, Munda, Alesia, Cannæ, Thrasymene, Trebia, Lodi, Marengo, Jena, Austerlitz, Friedland, Wagram, Moskwa: but it is less easy to pitch upon the victories of Alcibiades; though they may be named too, though not so readily as the Leuctra and Mantinea of Epaminondas, the Marathon of Miltiades, the Salamis of Themistocles, and the Thermopylae of Leonidas. Yet, upon the whole, it may be doubted whether there be a name of antiquity which comes down with such a general charm as that of Alcibiades. Why? I cannot answer. Who can?"

To this, again, is appended the following paragraph by Mr. Lockhart:

"One cannot help being struck with Lord Byron's choice of a favourite among the heroic names of antiquity. The man who was educated by Pericles, and who commanded the admiration as well as the affection of Socrates; whose gallantry and boldness were always as undisputed as the pre-eminent graces of his person and manners; who died at forty-five, after having been successively the delight and hero of Athens, of Sparta, of Persia;—this most versatile of great men has certainly left to the world a very splendid reputation. But his fame is stained with the recollections of a most profligate and debauched course of private life, and of the most complete and flagrant contempt of public principle; and it is to be hoped that there are not many men who could gravely give to the name of Alcibiades a preference, on the whole, over such an one as that of an Epaminondas or a Leonidas, or even of a Miltiades or a Hannibal. But the career of Alcibiades was romantic: every great event in which he had a share has the air of a personal adventure; and, whatever might be said of his want of principle, moral and political, nobody ever doubted the greatness of his powers and the brilliancy of his accomplishments. By the gift of nature, the handsomest creature of his time, and the possessor of a very extraordinary genius, he was, by accidents or by fits, a soldier, a hero, an orator, and even, it should seem, a philosopher; but he played these parts only because he wished it to be thought that there was no part which he could not play. He thought of nothing but himself. His vanity entirely commanded the direction of his genius, and could even make him abandon occasionally his voluptuousness for the very opposite extreme; which last circumstance, by the way, was probably one of those that had hit Lord Byron's fancy—as, indeed, it may be suspected to have influenced his behaviour."

On the whole, Vol. XIII. is a very good one. It contains, among other things that we should have been happy to extract, not a few notes from Croly and Campbell, neither of whom had figured in the preceding tomes.

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. 8vo. pp. 381. London, 1832. E. Moxon.

MR. HUNT has in these pages done what we heartily wish more would do—collected, revised, and made choice of such poems as he deems worthy to be franked for the future. We own we are not out and out admirers of the school to which they have been considered as belonging; but greatly indeed have these pages been improved since they first encountered the ordeal of public praise and public censure. Our chief aim now will be to quote favourite passages, and leave our readers to appreciate their beauty: and if in our hurried sheet we indulge in this retrospective review, we trust our extracts will be their own best excuse; for rarely does pleasure need apology. Mr. Hunt, in a very candid preface, says—

“I have witnessed so much self-delusion in my time, and partaken of so much, and the older I grow, my veneration so increases for poetry not to be questioned, that all I can be sure of, is my admiration of genius in others. I cannot say how far I overvalue it, or even undervalue it, in myself. I am in the condition of a lover who is sure that he loves, and is therefore happy in the presence of the beloved object; but is uncertain how far he is worthy to be beloved.”

In the same paper he gives us the following quaint image:—“I confess I like the very bracket that marks out the triplet to the reader's eye, and prepares him for the music of it. It has a look like the bridge of a lute.”

He goes on to speak with natural affection of the pleasure of writing:—“But as Gray wished that he could lie all his life upon sofas, reading ‘eternal new novels of Marius and Crebillon,’ so, notwithstanding the helps afforded us by the grander notions of the age, or rather in consequence of the very helps they afford, I can conceive no mode of existence more exquisite (apart from the affections) than after contributing a portion of one's morning to the furtherance of the common good—the better if in the same way—to devote the rest of one's time to reading romantic adventures, and versifying the best of them. What golden days would not such be for a builder of palaces ‘with words!’ What country-houses would he not possess in all quarters of the world,—and of time! What flights not take from Greece to Araby, from Normandy to Cathay, from the courts of Charlemagne and of Arthur, to the corners of the sea, and the house of Morpheus! With what transport not wake up, and find himself in the company of his beloved old books, content to be master of the world when he had his wings on, and to look for no better footing for the soles of his feet, than the hearth of an unsold poverty. *O felix ter et amplius!* No man ever deserved even to wish to be a poet who could not think in this manner, or not think it as much at forty as at twenty.”

This “gossiping preface,” (to use the author's own words,) we like so much, that we are sure any reader who omits it will find his fault his punishment. From the prose to ascend to the poetry,—the great characteristics of Mr. Hunt's style are, fine and humane feelings, a sincere love of the beautiful, a rich fancy in description, and a happiness of epithet, which not only at once brings the object before you, but places it also in its best light. *Er. gr. Morning.*

“The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shewn towers and bay,
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen.
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light.”

Fountain:—

“A lightsome fountain starts from out the green,
Clear and compact, till, at its height o'er-run,
It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.”

Evening:—

“It was a lovely evening, fit to close
A lovely day, and brilliant in repose.
Warm, but not dim, a glow was in the air:
The softened breeze came smoothing here and there:
And every tree, in passing, one by one,
Gleamed out with twinkles of the golden sun:
For leafy was the road, with tall array,
On either side, of mulberry and bay.
And distant snatches of blue hills between;
And there the alder was with its bright green,
And the broad chestnut, and the poplar's shoot,
That like a feather waves from head to foot,
With, ever and anon, majestic pines:
And still, from tree to tree, the early vines
Hung garlanding the way in amber lines.”

The father's onlooking kindness that a young bride may find some likeness of her former home:—

“The very day too when her first surprise
Was full, kind tears had come into her eyes
On finding, by his care, her private room
Furnished, like magic, from her own at home:
The very books and all transported there,
The leafy tapestry and the crimson chair,
The lute, the glass that told the shedding hours,
The little urn of silver for the flowers,
The frame for brodering, with a piece half done,
And the white falcon, basking in the sun,
Who, when he saw her, sidled on his stand,
And twined his neck against her trembling hand.”

Protesting against the epithets flamy, and handsome, as vulgarised from low (we use the word in distinction to common use), how very sweet is the ensuing passage!—

“It had
A winding stream about it, clear and glad,
That danced from shade to shade, and on its way
Seemed smiling with delight to feel the day.
There was the pouting rose, both red and white,
The flamy heart's-ease, flushed with purple light,
Blush-hiding strawberry, sunny-coloured box,
Hyacinth, handsome with his clustering locks,
The lady lily, looking gently down,
Pure lavender, to lay in bridal gown,
The daisy, lovely on both sides,—in short,
All the sweet cups to which the bees resort.”

Speaking of a brook:—

“Where at her drink you started the slim deer,
Retreating lightly with a lovely fear.”

A forest nook:—

“Where, when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,
The rugged trunks, to inward peering sight,
Thronged in dark pillars up the gold green light.”

Grief:—

“Sorrow, they say, to one with true touched ear,
Is but the discord of a warbling sphere.
A lurking contrast, which though harsh it be,
Distils the next note more deliciously.
E'en tales like this, founded on real woe,
From bitter seed to balmy fruitage grow:
The wo was earthly, fugitive, is past;
The song that sweetens it may always last.
And even they, whose shattered hearts and frames
Make them unhappy of poetic names,
What are they, if they know their calling high,
But crushed perfumes exhaling to the sky?
Or weeping clouds, that but a while are seen,
Yet keep the earth they haste to, bright and green!”

The classics:—

“We hurt the stories of the antique world
By thinking of our school-books, and the wrongs
Done them by pedants and fantastic songs,
Or sculptures, which from Roman ‘studios’ thrown,
Turn back Deucalion's flesh and blood to stone.
Truth is for ever truth, and love is love:
The bird of Venus is the living dove.
Sweet Hero's eyes, three thousand years ago,
Were made precisely like the best we know,
Looked the same looks, and spoke no other Greek
Than eyes of honey-moons begun last week.”

The bee:—

“And fragrant-living bee,
So happy, that he will not move, not he,
Without a song.”

We conclude with the following fine sonnet, and a domestic piece, of exquisite pathos and simplicity.

“A Thought of the Nile.”

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands

That roamed through the young earth, the glory
extreme

Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
“T'wixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.”

“To T. L. H., Six Years old, during a Sickness.”

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little, patient boy,
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.
Thy adoring pillow'd neckness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;

The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly, midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too;
My light, where'er I go—
My bird, when prison-bound—
My hand-in-hand companion,—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say ‘He has departed’—
‘His voice,’ his face, is gone;
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed and sleeping!
This silence, too, the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile:
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, ‘We've finished here.’”

To many of our readers our brief extracts will be familiar; but a new race have sprung up since these poems first appeared; and to such we say, they are but specimens of the present work. We cordially wish Mr. Hunt success; devoted to literature, one who has done much and in many ways; calmed from political heats by years and reflection, without abating principle or feeling; he merits a liberal, grateful, and kindly patronage.

CLEARING OFF ARREARS.

(Continued.)

(1.) *Brief View of Sacred History, from the Creation of the World to the Destruction of Jerusalem*, by Esther Copley. A fair aid to young readers for comprehending and remembering the historical contents of the Bible.

(2.) *Evenings* by Edm. Side, by George Pearson. Essays of an amiable character, and poems equally dedicated to the cause of virtue and philanthropy, fill this small provincial publication.

(3.) *The Duty of Humanity to Inferior Creatures, &c.*, by the Rev. A. Broome, M.A. Mr. Broome is the founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; the very establishment is a proof of, and honour to, the advance of civilisation. Any thing from so earnest a friend of so good a cause must be acceptable.

(4.) *The Instructions of Chenuahiah, &c.*, by the Rev. J. A. Latrobe, M.A. A little volume of much utility, if attended to, for improving the mode of singing in churches.

(5.) *Etymological Guide to the English Language*. The compiler of the Edinburgh Sessional School-Books has done himself great credit by this etymological essay. It is a brief but excellent alphabetical guide to all the leading

(1.) Pp. 208. Darton and Son.

(2.) Pp. 137. Kendal, Braithwaite.

(3.) Pp. 130. For the Author, by Nisbet.

(4.) Pp. 67. Seeley and Sons.

(5.) Pp. 145. Edinburgh, Wardlaw; Glasgow, Collins; London, Duncan, Whittaker; Dublin, Curry and Co.

roots, affixes, prefixes, &c. of our abundant language, and must afford information and delight to every student.

(6.) *Authentic Information relative to New South Wales and New Zealand*, by J. Busby, Esq. Much sterling intelligence within small compass; and, from the opportunities of the author, of much interest to settlers.

(7.) *The Life of Andrew Marvel*, with Selections from his Works, by J. Dove. Originally intended to form part of a biographical series of "the Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire," that design being frustrated, Mr. Dove has given us this nice volume *per se*. Of course, the life of a patriot who was "the scourge of mitred dulness" needs no recommendation in these times. The selections are interesting.

(8.) *A Bird's-Eye View of Foreign Parts*, by Harry Hawk's-eye. A good deal of observation done into rhyme; and a good deal of talent, we fear, thrown away—for 1831 is on the title-page, and we have not heard much of the book. It had escaped us, or we should have noticed it more timely and more largely.

(9.) *The Mechanic's Calculator, or Workman's Memorial-Book*, &c. &c., with lithographic plates by W. Grier. At a period when the toe of the mechanic treads on the heel (query, the instep?) of the scholar and man of estate, it is well for the class to have a work so entirely useful as this is. As might be expected, it treats, and treats ably, of arithmetic, geometry, mensuration, machinery, &c. &c. He will be a clever man who understands it thoroughly.

New Works.—We have before us a mass of novelties, to which it is impossible for us to do justice this week, or indeed in several weeks. No. XXIII. of *Standard Novels* contains all Mrs. Austen's Sense and Sensibility in a single volume; as great a treat as it is a cheap one. *Memorials of the Life of Admiral Sir William Penn* furnishes many important public documents of a memorable epoch. The *Memoirs of Sir W. Hoiste* has some very interesting correspondence, and draws a vivid portrait of that able and active partisan officer. The letter-press to Turner's *Annual Tour* is cleverly varied with legend, anecdote, and description. *Wacousta* is a well-written novel in the Cooper school, and will gratify the general reader much. Vol. I. of the *Cabinet of Romance* is a capital story of the ghost-hunter and his family. All these, and others, shall receive our earliest attention, and enrich our pages in 1833—beginning with our first No. by coincidence 833, as this also concurs with the close of the year in three figures, 832.

Almanach auf das Jahr 1833. Carlsruhe.

WE last year noticed these Lilliputian publications, as yet peculiar to Germany—almanacs for the year, which could literally be put into a nut-shell. The present curiosity, which has just reached us from Carlsruhe, is, truly, as large as our thumb-nail, and a little thicker. Its leaves are gilt; it has a handsome case into which to slip it, and is quite full of embellishments and information. From C. F. Miller's lithography we find portraits of Herz, Berry (the duchess), of Maria da Gloria, and of the Queen of the Belgians. There is an "A. B. C. für Damen," replete with dainty devices; the figures, designs, &c. not longer than the nib of our pen, are wonderfully clever and spirited. The whole concludes with a *Guter Rath*: but this work must be seen to be appreciated; and it is desirable, in most cases, to buy spectacles to see it withal! If a ship of tonnage enough to import a small cargo of them could be got, the speculation might turn out well.

Tales of the Manse. First Series. Saint Kentigern. 12mo. pp. circ. 330. Glasgow and Edinburgh, 1832, Blackie and Son; Dublin, Curry; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

A VERY amusing poem, containing an interesting episode, called "the Proud Piper," introduces the romance of Strathclyde, and of the third century, to the reader. We have been much pleased with all the three parts, and must express our opinion, that the writer possesses quite sufficient talent to minister very agreeably to the public gratification, if encouraged to continue the series, of which this is the first

(6.) 8vo. pp. 90. London, Cross; Simpkin and Marshall.

(7.) Pp. 116. London, Simpkin and Marshall; Leeds, Heston; Hull, Purdon.

(8.) Pp. 147. Wilson.

(9.) Pp. 288. Glasgow, Lottimer, Lumsden; Edinburgh, Stirling and Kenney; London, Baldwin and Craddock.

specimen. His old horse Joseph, who seemed to have got so much education from the school-master being abroad, that he could read "good stabling," and "entertainment for men and horses," and would never pass without ascertaining the fact, is a droll animal, and not a bad example of the effects of imperfect instruction on human beings—sending them to the ale-house. His Piper is pathetic; and his main piece, besides drawing a striking picture of Druidism and early Christianity in the west of Scotland, very happily connects the incidents with traditions still pertaining to this district, Glasgow and its Cathedral, the arms of the city, and the Cora Linn of the Clyde.

The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction. Nos. I. II. and III. Smith, Elder, and Co.

OUR habitual readers are aware how cautious we are in recommending books intended for the use of children. In no branch of publication are greater mistakes made; and in none are the consequences so detrimental, instead of beneficial, unless a sound judgment directs the good intent. We are glad to say that the present is an excellent design for the juvenile family circle, and executed with a right feeling. The characteristic tales are interesting, and the morals unexceptionable; and in other pieces, where instruction is more aimed at, the method is attractive. We have only to advise the excellent editor to be very careful not to employ even a single word which would not bear critical scrutiny in a work for mature readers. In the verse are some bad rhymes—"calm," "harm;" "relish," "perish;" and "stop" a ship—the "quick swim" of a dog—the "children" of a hedgehog, &c. A "knew knife," p. 108, is an error of the press; but in a performance so nearly perfect of its kind, and where precept and example are so essential, we must not allow of any errors.

Synopsis Jungermanniarum in Germania vicinisque terris hucusque cognitiss, Figuris CXVI. microscopico-analyticis illustrata. Auctore Tobia Philippo Ekart, Philos. Doctore, &c.—*Synopsis of Jungermannia hitherto discovered in Germany and the adjacent countries, &c.* 4to. pp. 72. Coburg, 1832, Rummann; London, Black; Treuttel.

A VERY complete compendium of an interesting tribe of cryptogamous plants.

Bellegarde, the adopted Indian Boy: a Canadian Tale. 3 vols. London, 1832. Saunders and Otley.

OUR author has quite mistaken his vocation—his story wants interest, and his characters life; while his national pictures are, to say the least, very debatable ground. We agree with him in reproaching the spirit in which Mrs. Trollope's work on America is written; but we really do not see how the present incoherent novel is to mend the matter.

The Principles of Phenology, as applied to the Elucidation and Cure of Insanity. By Forbes Winslow, Member of the Westminster Medical Society, &c. London, 1832. Highley.

A VERY ingenious, well-written, and interesting little essay; the main object of which is to shew to what practical purpose the abstract principles of phenological science may be applied. Mr. Winslow contends, that to suppose the mind—the immaterial principle—to be the immediate object of disease in insanity, is a dangerous and unphilosophical notion; and

that to the brain, as the organ through which the mental principle manifests its powers, the remedial agents ought to be applied. Another error has, in his opinion, been in considering the brain as one organ, instead of an aggregate of organs, each appropriated to its separate function. He argues the expediency of watching the earliest symptoms of derangement, for the purpose of endeavouring to prevent their increase, by attention to the particular organ affected; and adverts to the great success with which Dr. Epps has treated cases of insanity, by the application of leeches and counter-irritants over the seat of the cerebral organ diseased. We do not presume to give any opinion upon the subject; but it is certainly one of great importance to the public, as well as to the medical practitioner.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

DEC. 19. Mr. Murchison, president, in the chair. A paper, by William Lonsdale, Esq., on the oolites of Gloucestershire, was read.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JANUARY.

1st 6^h 53^m—the Sun in perigee, appearing under its greatest angle of 32° 35' 56", and moving with its greatest velocity of 1° 1' 11" in twenty-four hours. 19th 17^h 29^m—enters Aquarius. 20th 9^h 23^m—eclipsed: invisible at Greenwich. As this eclipse will take place when the Moon is near her apogee, and the Sun near its perigee, the diameter of the latter will exceed that of the former; consequently, where the eclipse is central it will also be annular, and a bright ring of light will be visible, about 1° 35' in breadth. This beautiful appearance will be witnessed in many parts of the southern hemisphere.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

| | D. | H. | M. |
|---------------------------|----|----|----|
| ○ Full Moon in Gemini | 5 | 19 | 45 |
| ☾ Last Quarter in Virgo | 12 | 11 | 27 |
| ☾ New Moon in Capricornus | 20 | 9 | 53 |
| ☾ First Quarter in Cetus | 28 | 12 | 24 |

6th—the Moon in perigee. 21st—in apogee. The Moon will be in conjunction with

| | D. | H. | M. |
|------------------------|----|----|----|
| Mars in Aries | 2 | 2 | 5 |
| Saturn in Virgo | 10 | 18 | 10 |
| Mercury in Sagittarius | 18 | 5 | 24 |
| Venus in Aquarius | 24 | 7 | 28 |
| Jupiter in Pisces | 25 | 3 | 10 |
| Mars in Taurus | 29 | 22 | 30 |

5th—the Moon eclipsed: partly visible at Greenwich. The following are the circumstances:

| | H. | M. |
|--------------------------|----|-----------------|
| Beginning of the eclipse | 18 | 42 ^h |
| Ecliptic opposition | 19 | 45 ^h |
| Middle | 19 | 53 ^h |
| Moon's upper limb sets | 19 | 59 |
| End of the eclipse | 21 | 3 ^h |

Digits eclipsed 5° 43' from the southern side of the Earth's shadow, or on the Moon's northern limb. The eclipse will be partial to Europe, Western Africa, and New Holland, and wholly visible to North America, the West Indies, and most of the islands of the Pacific ocean.

4th—Mercury stationary. 15th—greatest elongation (24° 1') as a morning star. 23rd—in conjunction with ♄ Sagittarius: difference of latitude 3'. 24th—descending node.

1st 4^h—Venus, the evening star, in conjunction with ♄ Capricorn. 12th—with ♄ Aquarii: difference of latitude 15'. 22nd 9^h—with ♄ Aquarii. Towards the end of the month Venus will appear under an angle of 17", and about one-third of her disc unilluminated.

Mars, near the Pleiades, with Jupiter and Venus, form the distinguished ornaments of the evening sky.

12^d—Vesta, right ascension 16^h 24^m, south declination 16° 55'. Juno, R.A. 15^h 4^m, S.D. 9° 20'. Pallas, R.A. 0^h 2^m, S.D. 13° 36'. Ceres, R.A. 2^h 12^m, N.D. 7° 24'.

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

| | D. | H. | M. | S. |
|--------------------------------|----|----|----|----|
| First Satellite, emersion | 3 | 5 | 30 | 36 |
| | 10 | 7 | 16 | 30 |
| | 36 | 5 | 37 | 2 |
| Second Satellite | 20 | 6 | 33 | 3 |
| Third Satellite, immersion .. | 6 | 7 | 27 | 24 |

1^d—Major axis of Saturn's ring 41° 76' minor axis 2° 26'.

Uranus is too near the Sun to be visible.

Deptford.

J. T. BARKER.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Views in the East. Part XIX. Fisher, Son, and Jackson.

IN a recent notice of this, we are sorry to say penultimate, Part of Captain Elliot's interesting work, we mentioned, that in the copy in our possession the view of "the Tomb of Ibrahim Pashah, at Bejapore," was wanting. The politeness of the publishers has since supplied the deficiency, and has at the same time rendered us more fully sensible of the loss which we should otherwise have suffered. It is one of the most beautiful representations of magnificent and picturesque oriental architecture that we have yet met with.

Gallery of Portraits. No. VII. C. Knight. THE founder of the French school of dramatic poetry, the celebrated diviner of the real path and of the return of comets, and the most illustrious model of a truly great statesman,—in other words, Corneille, Halley, and Sully, are the subjects of the seventh No. of the *Gallery of Portraits*. The portrait of the first is from a picture by Lebrun, in the possession of the Institute of France; of the second, from a picture ascribed to Dahl, in the possession of the Royal Society; of the third, from a picture by an unknown artist, in the possession of the King of the French. We have seldom seen so fine an expression of combined intellect and benevolence as in the countenance of "the companion, minister, and historian of Henry IV.," of whom it is justly said,—"it is his especial glory that he laboured to promote the welfare of the industrious classes, when other statesmen regarded them but as the fount from which royal extravagance was to be supplied."

Finden's Gallery of the Graces. A series of Portrait Sketches, engraved by the most eminent Artists from original Pictures, under the superintendence of W. and E. Finden; with Poetical Illustrations by T. K. Hervey, Esq. Part I. Tilt.

SCARCELY had our heart recovered from the attack made upon it by Mr. Heath's Beauties, when all its soft emotions have been re-excited by Mr. Hervey's Graces. The dear, delightful creatures! We pass from one to the other—from the devout to the playful, and from the playful to the meditative—and know not where to fix our affections. The plan of Mr. Hervey's attractive publication seems to us to be excellent. "It is," he observes, "the child of an age of that best of refinements, in which the selection of the merely ornamental is made with a reference to the intellectual; and the sense of the beautiful is perceived through the medium, and governed by the sanctions, of the mind."

*** To give effect to this plan, each of the sketches (which will be invariably taken from living originals) will be made with reference to

some familiar passage in the works of distinguished writers; and will present, in real forms, an illustration of the sentiment which such passage conveys." The writers selected for illustration in the present Part (and if Mr. Hervey were even to confine all his future selections to those writers, his gallery might be longer than that of the Louvre) are Wordsworth, Moore, and Shakespeare. Two of the charms are from drawings by W. Boxall; the third from a drawing by J. W. Wright. They have been sweetly engraved by W. Finden, H. Robinson, and R. A. Arlett.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

SIEGES.

[At a period when the siege of Antwerp has attracted such universal attention, we trust it may be acceptable to our readers to draw from oblivion a very famous siege of old, bearing such strong resemblance to the present, as, except happily in the finale, to be almost a parallel case. For Spanish and Venetian we need only read English and French; for Turks, the Dutch; for Benito Pesaro, Sir John Malcolm; for Gonzalo, Gerard; for Gisdar, Chassé; and for St. George, Antwerp; and the picture is nearly perfect.

An Account of the Siege of Fort St. George, in the Island of Cephalonia, by the Spaniards and Venetians, in the year 1500.

IT was in the month of June of this year that a Spanish army, composed of five thousand foot and six hundred horse, having for its general Gonzalo de Cordova, the great captain of Spain, embarked at Malaga, on board a fleet of seventy vessels which had been prepared for its reception, and after effecting a junction with the Venetian squadron commanded by Benito Pesaro, the combined forces sailed for the Archipelago, in order to act against the Turks, who had recently seized upon the islands of the republic in those seas. Upon the appearance of this armament, the commanders of the Turkish vessels, stricken with terror, fled to Constantinople; and the allies, having mustered at Zante, sailed for Cephalonia, the latest conquest of the Mussulmans. Here the army was landed, and immediately proceeded to lay siege to Fort St. George, a stronghold on the island, wherein the enemy had taken refuge. When the preparations for the siege were in a state of forwardness, Gonzalo de Cordova, previous to making the attack, sent a message to the besieged, to the effect that an army of Spanish veterans, vassals of a powerful monarch, and conquerors of the Moors in Spain, had come to act as auxiliaries to the Venetians, and that, if the fortress as well as the whole island were delivered up without further resistance, the garrison would be allowed to depart unmolested; but otherwise, not a man of them would be spared. "I return you thanks, Christians," replied the Albanese, Gisdar, commander of the castle—"I return you thanks for being the cause of so much glory, as well as for assigning to us, whether alive or nobly slain, such a crown of constancy towards Bajazet our emperor. Your menaces do not intimidate us, for destiny has stamped upon the brow of each the term of his career. Go, tell your general that every one of my soldiers possesses seven bows and seven thousand arrows, with which we will at least avenge our fall, even though we fail to resist your power and your better fortune." Having said these words, the gallant Moslem presented to the ambassadors a bow of great strength, with a golden quiver, to be given in his name to the Spanish commander; and having thus put an end to the conference, he dismissed them from his presence.

Nor was the defence which he made against the desperate assaults of the besiegers in any way inferior to the magnanimity of his reply.

The Turks under his command did not, it is true, amount to more than seven hundred men, but they were all of them stern and hardy veterans; while the fort, which was situate upon the summit of a rock, rude and difficult of ascent, was amply supplied with every necessary for its defence. Despite the breaches that were fast making in the walls by the heavy artillery of the Venetians, and the havoc it occasioned, the undismayed Gisdar and his devoted followers continued indefatigable in their resistance, while the ground was literally strewn with their arrows. These were, moreover, steeped in poison, so that, in the beginning, the wounds of the Christians, from their ignorance of the artifice, for the most part proved mortal; while again, the besieged were in possession of certain machines, furnished with grappling irons, described in the memoirs of the times by the name of *lobos*,* with which they fastened upon the mail-clad soldiers, either raising them high in air, to hurl them away with violence towards the earth, or else drawing them up the walls of the fortress, to slaughter or make them prisoners.

In this manner was the struggle maintained by either party, with an equal degree of courage and perseverance. The frequent sorties that were made by the Turks, tended to keep their adversaries continually on the alert; and upon one occasion, but for Gonzalo's vigilance, who casually suspecting what was in contemplation, had taken the precaution of ordering his people to stand to their arms, the consequences to the beleaguers would have been fearful in the extreme. As a counterpoise to the showers of arrows that were hurled against him by the enemy, the Spanish commander caused a bastion to be erected, whose shot possessed the double advantage of carrying to a greater distance than the bows, and of driving the archers from their posts. In addition to this, he gave directions for practising, in various parts of the wall, the species of mining which had recently been invented by Pedro Navarro, and prepared his scaling-ladders for mounting to the assault. The mines were accordingly sprung, and several breaches effected; but the Turks were admirably prepared, stopping them as fast as they were made, so that the place continued almost as impregnable as before: while, on the other hand, the Spaniards who attempted to scale the walls, which they did with their accustomed intrepidity, experienced so desperate a resistance, and were assailed by such a shower of stones and arrows, accompanied by streams of boiling oil and pitch, liquid fire, and, in fact, every species of offensive missile, that they were eventually compelled to retire in disorder. Nor did the assault which was made by their allies, the Venetians, shortly afterwards, meet with a more favourable result. Great, indeed, was the indignation of the Spanish veterans, who had subdued the Moors in Spain, and driven the presumptuous Gaul from the soil of Naples, upon finding themselves thus baffled before the walls of a simple fortress; and these soldiers, who at the beginning had despised the Turks, as a race of barbarians devoid alike of bravery and skill, were compelled, in the end, to their cost, to fear them and respect their valour. A period of fifty days had thus elapsed since the commencement of this murderous siege, when Gonzalo, considering it unworthy of his renown to remain any longer before the place, after holding a conference with Pesaro, determined to make a final and general assault, in which every means at his disposal should be put in requisition.

* In cant, thieves; literally, wolves.

The necessary arrangements having accordingly been made, and the troops excited to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, the signal for the attack was given, and the besiegers mounted to the assault. But neither the roaring of the cannon, the exploding of the mines, nor the ferocious cries of the assailants, could move the indomitable Moslems. Still they fought with undiminished fury—still hurled defiance at their enemies—until at length, overpowered by numbers and exhausted by fatigue, they were compelled to submit to their destiny, and the victors, gaining the rampart, entered the place sword in hand. Gissar, faithful to his word, perished, fighting with the most heroic bravery, at the head of a little band of thirty devoted warriors, who shared his fate; while of the seven hundred men originally composing the garrison, only eighty maimed and wounded wretches were found alive, who from these causes alone had been unable to take an active part in the last heroic defence of their fallen comrades.

DRAMA.

THE PANTOMIMES.

The pantomimes being addressed to the eye are not to be criticised without much more of description than we deem it necessary to afford them; and we shall, therefore, take only a very summary view of the new sources of popular amusement which have opened for the season at our various theatres.

Drury Lane has produced *Harlequin Traveller*, a piece of great merit, in which the four quarters of the world are personified, and the adventures of the motley hero are very cleverly devised. The scenery is beautiful, the changes numerous, and the performances throughout highly entertaining. Besides gratifying the young with a hearty laugh, their memory will retain the costumes and striking objects here represented; so that we may truly say a visit to *Drury* this year combines the *utile* with the *dulce* in no common degree. Mr. Peake, we hear, has the credit of this pantomime.

Covent Garden has also an amusing and clever harlequinade, called *Puss in Boots*, with magnificent scenery, capital tricks, and lots of fun. *Puss Palace*, the governor's chateau, and the moving panorama of a Trip to Antwerp, are exquisite specimens of scenic art. Little Poole as the *Miller's Son*, and Master Mitchell as *Tibbysight*, were much and deservedly applauded. Ellar, Miss Forster, Paulo, Barnes, and Matthews, were active and humorous in their several parts; and the pantomime was deservedly announced for repetition amidst great applause.

The Adelphi maintains its eminence in the pantomimic school by *Harlequin King of Clubs*. Constant motion on the stage, and unceasing laughter among the spectators, leave nothing to be wished. The extraordinary feats of Gibson, Saunders, King, &c. teach us to doubt whether man is a biped, a quadruped, a machine, or a nondescript. The scenery is as fine as the drollery is great; and we never saw holiday folks enjoy themselves more heartily.

The Olympic piece is not a pantomime, but a burlesque, called the *Paphian Bower*, in which *Vestris* personates the *Queen of Beauty*. It is of the genus of the *Olympic Revels and Devils*, full of smartness, and with sweet music and brilliant scenery. Its reception was very flattering.

The Surrey Theatre has taken its plot from northern mythology, and is replete with bustle and posture-making. *The Coburn* has the *Golden Ram*, a tale of fairy, and dashing got

up. Surprising exploits in rope-dancing are exhibited. *Sadler's Wells* produced *Humpty Dumpty* with good effect; and the *New City Theatre*, re-opened by Mr. Chapman, after several other well-acted pieces, gave us the *Gentleman in black*, as a pantomime, in the *Don Juan* style.

All that we have mentioned succeeded well; and with the improvements to which a few nights always lead, these entertainments bid fair to do something handsome for dramatic property.

VARIETIES.

Mr. L. T. Rede.—In his 34th year died lately Mr. Leman Thomas Tertius Rede. He was bred to the law, but afterwards embraced the stage; and was the author of "Memoirs of Canning," "Road to the Stage," "Oxberry's Dramatic Biography," &c. His last appearance was a fortnight before his death at Sadler's Wells, for the benefit of Miss Forde. He married, in 1824, Mrs. Oxberry, widow of the late comedian, who survives him. He possessed considerable literary talent, and very varied conversational powers. His father, who was also an author, died some years since.

Falls of Niagara: Pantechnicon.—A Diorama, of two views of this stupendous Fall, has been opened at the equally stupendous piece of architecture, the Pantechnicon. The one which represents the extent of this natural phenomenon certainly conveys to the mind the best idea of it that could be given out of America. The artist, Mr. Sinzenick, has altogether displayed considerable talent, and will, we trust, meet the reward merited by his labours.

Augustus Pugin, the well-known author of many beautiful works connected with architecture and the fine arts, died last week, aged about 65.

Dr. Spurzheim.—This celebrated pupil and coadjutor of Dr. Gall died on the 10th of November at Boston, America. He was one of the greatest apostles of phrenology, and an admirable dissector and demonstrator of the human frame, especially the brain. As alchemy did much for chemistry and natural philosophy, so, in regard to these men, may phrenology have done something for anatomy and moral science.

Fiesco.—Colonel D'Aguilar's translation of *Fiesco* was produced with *éclat* at the Dublin theatre last week. Miss Huddart, Vandenhooft, Calcraft (the manager), and the Negro actor known by the name of the American Roscius, sustained the principal characters; and notwithstanding the tragedy was three hours and a half long, it kept up an interest throughout, and was much applauded at the close when given out for repetition.

American Theatricals.—"Mr. C. Kean's *Master Walter*, in the *Hunchback*, is allowed, by all who have witnessed it, to be one of the finest specimens of correct and effective acting that has been presented upon the Boston boards this season. His elegant and emphatic reading, and natural and graceful action, aided by that high genius which strengthens and commands increased homage as its possessor advances in life, imparted to the *Hunchback* beauties which in other hands would never have been visible."—*Boston Morning Post*, Nov. 27.

The Dublin Penny Journal.—Of this publication, five parts, containing twenty-two numbers, have been politely forwarded to us from Dublin; and though we have recently expressed our belief that the indiscriminate mass of cheap

publications which now inundate the country are more likely to confuse their readers than to leave lasting and useful impressions upon the mind, we must not withhold our tribute of fair praise from this new contemporary. It is, indeed, extremely well edited, and contains many valuable papers on Irish antiquities, relieved by national legends, characteristic tales, and other specimens of light and amusing literature. The embellishments are also well executed, and have all the merit of being illustrative of Ireland. Another great merit is the absence of political and inflammatory topics; and good sound sense (so rare, we are sorry to say, in Irish periodicals) instead. Such a production ought to be welcome to its native land, which it is well calculated to moderate and improve, by substituting intelligence for folly, information for faction, and humanity for bloodshed.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Roscoe's *Novelist's Library*, we are given to understand, is about to be continued, and will commence with the unrivalled novel of *Don Quixotte*, illustrated by George Cruikshank, and contain Notes and Biographical Notices from the Spanish editions of Cervantes.

Questions, Critical, Philological, and Exegetical, formed on the Annotations to Dr. Bloomfield's Edition of the Greek Testament.

A History of Crocydon, by Steinman Steinman, Esq. Architect.

The Archer's Guide; containing Instructions for the Use of the Bow, &c.

The Juror's Guide, or the Spirit of the Jury Laws, by a Barrister.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cyclopaedia, Vol. XXXVIII. History of Spain and Portugal, in 5 vols. Vol. V. fcp. 6s. cloth.—London's Gardeners Magazine, Vol. VIII. 2s. 6d.—America and the Americans, by a Citizen of the World, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Burnet's Lives, Characters, &c. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Granville Penn's Life of Sir William Penn, 2 vols. 8vo. 36s. bds.; Character of a Trimmer, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. IX. Fashionable Tales, Vol. IV. 5s. cloth.—Channing's Discourses on various Subjects, New Series, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Library of Romance, edited by Leitch Ritchie, Vol. I. 6s. cloth.—Garry Owen, &c. by Maria Edgeworth, 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Gospel Stories, 18mo. 3s. 6d. hf.-bd.—History of the late War, 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Cyclopaedia of Practical Medicine, Vol. II. royal 8vo. 35s. cloth.—Ten Minutes' Advice on Coughs and Colds, fcp. 1s. 6d. ed.—The Pulpit, Vol. XX. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—Le Precepteur, 18mo. 3s. bds.—Walcosta, or the Prophecy, by the Author of "Ecce Homo," 3 vols. post 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Price's Reports, Vol. X. Part II. 5s.—Bellenger's French Word and Phrase Book, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Berry, a Tale of the Revolution, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—The Portfolio, 5s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Finden's Gallery of the Graces, Part I. 2s. 6d. prints; 4s. proofs.—Coney's Architectural Beauties of Continental Europe, folio, 12s. plain; 18s. India.—Life of Dr. Adam Clarke, 8vo. 9s. cloth.—Bishop of Calcutta's Farewell Sermon, 8vo. 2s. sewed.—Valpy's Shakespeare, Vol. III. 5s. cloth; Classical Library, No. 37. Homer, Vol. I. 4s. 6d. cloth.—Maud's Botanic Garden, Vol. IV. and Part VIII. large vols. 37s.; small, 25s.; large Parts, 13s.; small, 13s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1832.

| December. | Thermometer. | Barometer. |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Thursday... 30 | From 27. to 37. | 29.75 to 29.92 |
| Friday... 21 | ... 37. ... 45. | 29.43 ... 29.65 |
| Saturday... 22 | ... 38. ... 51. | 29.68 ... 29.70 |
| Sunday... 23 | ... 40. ... 52. | 29.67 ... 29.64 |
| Monday... 24 | ... 41. ... 49. | 29.93 ... 29.85 |
| Tuesday... 25 | ... 40. ... 48. | 29.73 ... 29.69 |
| Wednesday... 26 | ... 29. ... 45. | 30.02 ... 30.07 |

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Except the 20th, 22d, and 26th, generally cloudy, with rain at times.

Rain fallen, .775 of an Inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude 0 31' W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. W. will not, we hope, feel disappointed by our non-insertion of his first offering; and with his good feeling, we trust we may expect more polished lays from his pen. "G. J. New" declined, the thoughts not being altogether new.

We are not very partial to sonnets, except they are super-super-excellent; and therefore decline the "transatlantic" specimen, though quite as pleasing as might be desired to fill a proper corner.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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